Mr. Webster.

PHY Mr. Weister married her, and why she married him, is not easy to explain. She was pretty, young looking and graceful. She had lovely blue eyes and black lashes, and a dimple in her left sheek that had made many men abject, and still retained its power. She was thirtywo-old enough to take care of herself. And with her own people, when she lived with them at Chelson, she had always done much as she liked-had her own sitting-room, given her own tens, occasionally even a little linner, and had liberty to her heart's content. When they, rather unexpectedly, took it into their heads to go and live abroad, here was no reason why she should not have sken a little flat on her own account and one on living the life that she liked best, Spinsterhood would not have mattered to ber, since she was one of those women who would be attractive at any age, and could aford to pick and choose among men of a certain standing. They always enjoy talking to her, most of them liked her; with a certain amount of encouragement a good many would have loved her—did, as a matter of hea, or had done so, without the encourage-She was interested in so many things, and could talk easily and brightly about any thing, or almost anything, on earth; she had written once or twice for magazines, on some easy topic of the day; could draw a little, rather hadly it must be owned, and painted in oils she despised water colors) even worse. She had contrived to get hung at one or two minor galleries, chiefly because most of the one so nice and her paintings were so small, would have been unkind not to find room Besides what her father called her temerical accomplishments, she was clover a home-hold matters—could order a dinner effectly, had a definite taste in clarets, and ad been known (when with only two or three ther most intimate triends) to smoke a cigar-me with her coffee. Warner had been devoted to her

for years—people had always thought it would come to something; quite suddenly be went to the Cape to look after some diamond ince and write a book about them afterords; and it came to be understood that crything was over between him and Emily serving was over tenseen him and camp, servage. Then it was announced that her copb were going to live abroad; and she invied Mr. Webster. Now Mr. Webster was a widower of forty-

Now Mr. Welster was a widower of forty-live with two children, a boy and a girl, aged aght and ten, called Gilbert and Maria. He lived in the Adelaide road, and had a little mouse at Brondstairs, to which he frequently as down from Saturday to Monday. He was something in the city, semething con-meted with angineering and railways, six more quite knew wint, and Mr. Webster was not a man easy to question. He was grave and solid-looking, rather tail, with firm, well-towing-ell batures; his manner of speaking was slow, his ciothes were usually black, and his manner rather masterful, especially with has manner rather masterful, especially with women. He unbent to Emily Pierways a great deal lefore marriage, so that perhaps she did not sufficiently grasp his character, beyond seeing that he was a truthful, worthy mn which indeed, he was), never likely to man which, indeed, he was, hever likely to run away from his creditors, nor to do any other dishon-rable action. The lively, half-intellectual somety into which he strayed by accident when he made acquaintance with her was wholly new to him. The women in it were bright and charty, and had individu-ably, they knew most things, and were compuriculate. In short, they had not the sup-pressed manner of women in his own set, who were, as a rule, the usual sort of middle-class wives, dall and unimaginative, without heen interests of any sort of which his sex-cured to boat. He had been an excellent husband, of the kind well suited to this type of woman, and intended, given the chance, to be one again. When he came across Miss Porrways he fell in love with her; so much that, for a little time, he humored her and gave way to ber and struggled to be compan told her that he was very lonely and all along this children. In some strange way the touched her. She was lonely and heart-sers, though she showed if little enough, and shought he was the same. She thought they might care for each other in a quiet, unexcitin this time she could be content with a happy, day-roamy feeling, that she would make him the onet home in the world, and that he would the sure of ber and here her, and life would to see of ber and here her, and life would row a pleasant time after all.

o settle down and be happy ever after, in a "You might have some boiled custards with the apple tart," he added. "Very well. Good-by," she said, and put out her had, feeling that, as things had not been going very smoothly, he would perhaps

That lugalizious abode fairly frightened take it as a sign that she was sorry.

That lugalizious abode fairly frightened take it as a sign that she was sorry.

"Good-by," he said with a nod, and closed the street door after himself with a bang. She stood with her back to the fire, leaning against the corner of the mantel-piece, thinking. "I suppose the majority of men are like that when they are married—all, except a few." She looked on the street door after himself with a bang. She stood with her back to the fire, leaning against the corner of the mantel-piece, thinking. "I suppose the majority of men are like that when they are married—all, except a few." She looked not been go ug very smoothly, he would perhaps take it as a sign that she was sorry.

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She stood with her back the fire, leaning against the corner of the mantel-piece, thinktage. There was a inhotograph of her is bardy and a large trooch instealing it into
the him by allow, with a white the round
when the bardy described to think of her with reil corpussion, seeing that she was
but she felt that a woman who were a
for a walk
will a nod, and closed
gently. "I am so neuralgic to-day, and there's
a cutting wind."

"Oh, nonsense," he answered, with civil
determination; "a good brisk walk will do
you good; better get out quickly. I shan't
expect you back before a quarter to 6."

She felt like a governess being said. in truth there were many terrible bits with which to struggle, such as the round ta-

which to strungle, such as the round tame in the drawing-room and the console
india with the gilt beg and looking-glass.

Size gave him a finit about that table one
day, but Mr. Website answered, with firmless in his voice, "That is an exceedingly
red-made plees of furniture, Emily. I like a
rood, an isantial thing, and could not live in
a room furnished with the gimerackery that
feelinguide horseland."

residentials howards."

There was one humiliating day, too, when be ind draped the large gill frame of the oaking glass over the chinney piece. "My your," and Mr. Welster, as he walked round be drawing-room after dinner, "what is that a drawing-room after dinner, "what is that the over the mirror. Is it a dusting-sheet?" "I relation," she said, and put her hand on s shoulder coaxingly, 'it's only a little bit Indian drapery. It's fashionable to cover

lower bit of stuff, she coaxed.

But Mr. Webster, though he was half inclined to give into her coaxing, being terrify afraid lest a woman should heapeek him, convered firmly, "We'll have it down before he dinner party. See that it disappears to morrow morning, my dear."

Set was taken down.

So it was taken down.

The dicarr-party—her first one—gave Emit Wester a sensation of being handried and seizes. Mr. Wester a ranged the menu with nor, and to every disk that she proposed he resulty objected. He inspected the table her it was inid. She had decorated it rather di and was pleased with herself, and waited ar a compliment. He waiked round it towly.

"My dear," he said," I dislike flowers arranged on the cloth in that manner. He good pour to be put them into vases."

And see Gilbert and Maria."

The children were not interesting any more than their tather. The boy, who was pale and than as a small nose and lank hair, never talked; he shuffled uneasily away when she wanted to tak to him. The girl had a color, and thin lips—the meanth of a viven.

"Oh, my dear Mies and Master Webster."

Emily said to herself that morning "it is very advot of your good paps to keep you out of sight before I married him. If I had seen you first, I don't think my courage would have here out interesting any more than their tather. The boy, who was pale and than a small nose and lank hair, never talked; he shuffled uneasily away when she wanted to tak to him. The girl had a color, and thin lips—the meanth of valves.

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cluster would only give her the chance to I never dream before that the people who are | do your sister; but seem to think that I mar- | - Somerville Journal,

show him how charming a home she could make in Adelaide road. But he was alraid, and put his foot down everywhere, and his hand on everything.

"I wish you would not talk so much at dinner, Emily, when any one is here," he said.

"I dislike women who express definite opintone."

ions—"
"I only do it about books, and pictures, and
things in my own line," she pleaded.
"I dislike women who express definite
opinions on any subject," he repeated, firmly,
"unness it is to back up their husbands."
"Then I wun't do it," she said, cheerfully,
determined to please him as far as possible;
and then she broached one of her foolish ambitions. "Frederick, I want to be at home on
Wedneadures—do you minid?—or any day you Wednesdays—do you mind?—or any day you like, but one day a week."

"Oh, then people will know when to find "Women have nothing to do; they can take

their chance of finding you any afternoon.
"Yes, but men don't like coming on the chance, and you know I like talking to artists

chance, and you know I like taking to arrists and interesting people."

"Nonsense! What can men have to say to you or you to them? A man doesn't care to talk to a woman, except out of civility, unless he is looking out for a wife. You have got a husband," he laughed, "and can be content."

"But you like going to the cinbs some-times," she urged. "If I never see people, how am I to know about things?"
"I can tell you about anything you want to know," he answered. "You have a husband and a home, and the children to look after:

quite enough for any sensible woman."
"But, Frederick," she said, looking up,
"you must let me live. I think you look down
on women, you nevertalk to me about anything now, you seem to think it absurd of meto think now, you seem to think to the transfer of anything beyond the house. You give me no companionship, and women want it, they are better educated than they were formerly. You don't care for going out, and when we stay at home you read and say bothing to

"You can read, too," "Yes," she answered, "and you think the subscription to Mudie's atreat to me, and you let me read my novels as you let the children play their games. You do not expect the children to taik of them before you, or me to discuss my reading. If I am not to go out and be amused, and am to stay at home without intellectual companionship of any sort, what shall I become? I shall be like the doc-tor's wife, or the lawyer's wife, or the par-son's wife, without interests or individuality.

son's wife, without interests or murriquanty, or even intelligence in time."

"You must understand, Emily," he said, firmly, "that women are different from men. Men have one set of interests, wome have another; and a woman should be centent with the duples and pleasures of her sex, as a man is content with those of his. I particularly distillar strong-mided women."

"And so do I-I hate them. I don't want "And so do I — I hate them. I gon't want the suffrage or to go on platforms or commit-tees or to see my name in print, but I do want to know just a little bit of what is going on in the world and I want to feel in some measure that I am free still. Perhaps if you were very much in love with me— "she said, gently,

much in love with me—" she said, gently, and stopped,
"I am too old for that sort of thing," he answered, "but if I were what then?"
She was slient for a moment; she hoped he might have answered differently,
"If you had been very much in love with me," she said, softly, "and I with you, I daressy I should have loved the most absolute bondage. But as it is, I feel as if I had taken a post as housekeeper, and you were my master rather. housekeeper, and you were my master rather than my husband. I have a round of duties

and no power of any sort,"

"Most sensible men are masters in their own houses," He said it sternly,
"Of course they are; but they give their wives some rein and let them work out their own salvation. I thought we should be good companions, going abreast through the world companions, going abreast through the world together, seeing and hearing and discussing all that was going on about us. That seems to me like marriage. The husband, of course, should be the stronger, and if either has to give may about things it should be the woman

-except when the man does, as a proof, not
of his weakness, but of his strength. But
you and I. Frederick, represent, not husband
and wife, but woman and her master. We

are two people who live in the same house "I think this discussion has gone far enough, Emily. You have your views and I have mine, and as I am not likely to alter mine, you had better reconsider yours. Now I am going to the office," and he walked out of the dining-room, put on his coat, brushing it first with a brush kept in the hatstand, and

took down his hat from the peg.
"By the way," he said, coming back to the dining-room. "Phillips, an old friend of mine, will dine here this evening—dinner at 7, as usual. You had better give us some fried soles, a boiled chicken, and apple tart."

soles, a boiled chicken, and apple tart."

"Very well, dear," she said, remembering that she used to pride bersel on being able to order a dinner, but her pride had been nipped in the bad. At first she had been nipped in the bad. At first she had tried little surprises on him—saiads of new design, and saids in the bad. At first she had tried little surprises on him—saiads of new design, and saids in the bad. At first she had tried little surprises on him—saiads of new design, and saids in the bad. At first she had tried little surprises on him—saiads of new design, and saids the bad tried little surprises on him—saiads of new design, and saids the bad looked at them doubtfully, and slightly saids looked at them doubtfully.

of routine and respectability. But it's my own fault, it's every bit my own fault. The life I have laid out for myself is the sort of one that countless women live and are satisfied with, and try to attain and even eavy. This is marriage! I feel as if my spinsterhood had been a lovely dream, and I had awakened from it to bondage and a mess of pottage. If I had only cared for him—but I thought it would have been so different, that we should, at least, have been countains. at least, have been comrades; then I could have been content. I wonder why he married me? I thought he cared, but his manner was different three hours after the ceremony, as if he had finished playing a part and become his natural self again with a sense of relief.

She was a sensible woman, not given to grieve over inevitables, so she stood up and looked at berself in the glass, and felt hap-pier when the saw her own blue eyes, for she knew there was power in them, and some-thing told her that the power would not re-main a prisoner there. Then she looked at the marble clock on the mantelpiece. "Halfin remember ourset nome were all draped?"
"Test, my dear, quite so," he answered—
massantly, ton with decision. "At the same
the marble clock on the mantelpiece. "Halfpast ten o'clock," she laughed; "time to
order dinner. What a stupid old goose he
is be might have had such a lively time if
the had only been sensible; he is so horribly
afraid of being hengecked that he won't let
me call my soul my own. I don't believe t

beid out."

"Are you ready for lessons, Gilbert?" she saked cheerfully. "Maria, will you get the books?" Mr. Webster had explained to her, a month after marriage, that it was his wish that she should give them morning lessons as their mother had always done. She had rather liked the prospect, and worked away at French verts, multiplication table, and five-fingered exercises till she found how thoroughly attractive the children were—then she hated them all. If he would have allowed her to pay for a governess cut of the hundred resurfit to show that he could be uncomprosing over about little things.

"Oh, why, why won't he let me have the next little bit of a voice in the house!" she call despairingly. "It is my house as well in the children to put on their finished; she sent the children to put on the childr been delighted; but this she did not even dare suggest. By 12 o'clock the lessons were finished; she sent the children to put on their things for the morning walk with the maid, and a only want to make him proud of and the most of the bouse. The morning walk with the maid, and want down to the dining-room once more. Those I shall never have a child to move that it was her domain; when it be done that it was her domain; the bouse that it was her domain; the did not like it better than any her juice, and did not find his comfort and the considered before all things in it he would go somewhere else. And that was packed full of their graves. Marriage has given me a new view of the world altogether.

The proper Thing to Do.

Stranger—For keaven's sake, what's that unearthly noise?

He catches Brodie as he jumps
From off the bridge each year.

"I see," she said chaffingly; "this is the domested in the bridge each year.

"I see," she said chaffingly; "this is the domested that it was spread to her her domain.

"I we have let our sunny springtime pass
With idle scorn of what the year might bring—

"I see," she said chaffingly; "this is the domested that the search well be stated to reflect quietly down here."

"I see," she said chaffingly; "this is the domested that the let his was prove the state was state; and to his the second the promise of our state; and to his the state; and to his the state of the proper Thing to Do.

Stranger—For keaven's sake, what's that unearthly noise?

How have turned aside from sober truth in the bridge each year.

"I see," she said chaffingly; "this is the domested that was unearthly noise?

How have the bridge each year.

"I we have let our sunny springtime pass.

With hidsely he comes

ree and work, the people who do things, or attempt to do them, which is next best; the people who are not bound by convention-alities, who don't care for respectability of this sort, who are not always trying to live up to a type, as Mr. Webster is, are just the sait of the earth."

of the earth."

A telegraph boy ran up the steps and gave a loud double knock. She looked up and laughed. "It's a delightful sound," she said, "I feel as if a sensation of some sort were coming." The telegram was for her, and from Mr. Webster. "Order dinner for Phillips and me only; meet me with children at Victoria station; going to send you with them to Broadstairs for a fortnight." "Thank you," she said, bewildered; "you are a calm person, and I suppose I am your good and chattel, and you think you can do as you like." She sat down and thought the situation all round. "I suppose I had better go," she concluded; "wisdom and a little meckness

she concluded: "wisdom and a little meekness

she concluded; "wisdom and a little meekness are the better part of valor when you are married to Mr. Webster."

Mr. Webster met her at the station. His manner was lirm and reserved, he smiled once or twice—but his smile was distinctly

"I suppose you have taken some needle-work with you," he said, "and you will find some books there, and the piano. I shall probably come down next week, from Saturday till Monday."

The cottage looked like a villa; it was ten minutes from the station; there was a corn field in front of it, and two or three colored advertisements on the open fence that parted it from the road. Behind, from the upper windows, there was a view of the sen—the gray meaning sea that met the sky in the distance; it seemed to reach out to her over the sand and toward the cettage. A fenced-in garden went round the house; scarlet gernniums and larkspur grow in it, and on one side, scaning against the house, there was a conservatory; inside the conservatory were several indiarubber plants, four pots of musk, and a creeping-jenny falling from a wire basket. The cottage itself had two square sitting-rooms with bow windows, the draw-ing-room had a door opening into the con-servatory, a study (in which he never studied) for Mr. Webster, and upstairs several square rooms without bow windows, furnished as

bedrooms.

"But I don't care which it is, for I shall be a rejoicing corpse inside." Then she went down to tea—tea with mutton chops, which Mr. Webster had ordered by telegram, thinking it wou'd do excellently well for her and Gilbert and Maria. It was a dreary meal—the children were very silent. The tablecloth was coarse—"Good enough linen for the seaside," Mr. Webster would have said, and so it was, perhaps; but the general checrlessness made it get on her nerves. "English ugitmade it get on her nerves. "English uglimane it get on her herves. "English ugin-ness is so dispiriting," she thought. "I won-der why it is. I believe it is because, in spite of all our boasting, we have as little sense of humor as of beauty. Oh, this square and vulgar villa, with its oppressive air of well-to-do-ness, as the middle class consider prosperfor ness, as the middle class consider prosper-ity, how different it is from what the merest but might be in which two happy people lived and found the world beautiful. If only Dickson—" but she choked down her thoughts; they were treason to Mr. Webster,

make the best of things.

"I want some more bread and butter, please," Gilbert said.

"Yes, dear. Couldn't you say 'please, mother?" she asked, thinking perhaps that an element of maternity in her life might comfort her for other disappointments.

"Mother's dead," he answered, with his mouth full, and she had no heart to contradict him. When the meal was over they went out for a walk along a flat white road

went out for a walk along a flat white road between the hedges of two fields, till pres-ently they came to the cliff, with the long stretch of gray sen in front and the high white sky above it. It rested her to look into the distance.

"Gilbert, when you are a man would you like to go across the sea in a ship?" "No," answered Gilbert, vacantly, "I should like to be like father. "We might go and look for the beach," she

We don't want to," Maria answered fret-

"Couldn't we go back?" asked Gilbert. We don't care about walking." Mr. Websier did not write for two or three Mr. Webster did not write for two or three days, and then it was only a scrappy letter, hoping that she had everything she wanted, and signed, "Your affectionate husband, There was a postscript: "Isabel is staying with me. Perhaps I shall bring her down on Saturday." Isabel was his sister, the widow of a doctor. She had been living in North-umberiand for the last two years. Lately she had taken rooms in London. Her eyes were very sharp and her manner was very cold.

Emily met them at the station and walked back with a heavy heart, and tried to be a pleasant hostess to her sister-in-law. Mrs. pleasant hostess to her sister-in-law. Mrs. Oldham looked at the dinner-table with a

oritical eye.

"Isa't it rather a pity to pick the flowers?"
she asked. "They soon die in the house." Emily thought the remark unnecessary, bu she said nothing; and the evening passed off pretty well, though it was deadly dull. They all went to church on Sunday morning. the afternoon Mr. Webster went to sleep, but

he woke up with a start at 4 o'clock.

"My dear," he said, "where are the children? You'd better take them for a walk

her pupils, but she did not trust herself to speak. There was a cutting wind, with now and then a drizale of rain in it. She thought of her husband and his sister sitting by the fire while she waiked along the cliff toward the cornfields. It was of no use trying to talk to the children. They were lumpy and silent, as usual. "This is marriage," she said to herself again; "this is marriage, and women want it—oh, fools that they are." Then she felt the tears fall down her cheeks as she an swered herself: "No, it is not marriage; it is the cruel imitation that passes for it, and that saps the lives of men and women. Oh, it is terrible, and there is no belp for it. As it is now, so it will be all through the years, till the coffin of one of us is carried out of the house Dull and monotonous esting and drinking and sleeping, and keeping the house in order—that's my life. He at least has his work out of doors and its change of every

day. It was quite 6 when she got back again. She felt as if she could hardly drag horself into the house. They entered by the conservatory, Mrs. Oldham and Mr. Webster were sitting over the fire, She heard Mrs. Oldham say, "She is a very lucky woman; she has a good husband and an excellent home." Emily knew it was meant for her, so she coughed as she went in, and then made an excuse that her head was worse in order to go and ile down. She wanted to think about the good husband and the excel-lent home.

"Yes, go, my dear, perhaps it will do you good," Mr. Webster said approvingly. "I have been talking about Gibert to Isabel, and have decided to send him to a boarding-

"Why didn't he talk to me about it?" Emity thought. "Is he always going to be like this?"—for if so, I cannot bear it." She lay down on the bed with her eyes wide open, and stared at the darkness. "Oh, if I were free," she cried to herself in desporation, "if I were only free to go here and there as I pleased—or if he were only different!"

Fresently Mr. Webster came up with a flaring candle, which he flashed across her eyes. He moved about the room noisly, she hid her face in the pillows and stopped her ears.

"I have no place in this wide world that is my very own—no place where I have a right to be wholly by myselt."

On Monday morning Mr. Webster announced that he should stay till Tuesday, and then take Maria up to London with him. "I "Why didn't he talk to me about it?" Em

then take Maria up to London with him. "I have been thinking," he said to his wife, "that you had better stay down here for a bit, and Liabel can take care of me in London; she hasn't any place of her own yet. We have not seemed to hit it off together very

ried you merely to execute a round of domestic duties."

domestic duties."

"Isabel is a woman with a great deal of common sense and she knows my views on many subjects and agrees with them. As for you, in my opinion domestic duties, as I have told you before, ought to be enough interest for any ordinary woman. Duty, he added, with solemnity, "is the pivot on which the world turns."

world turns." Some flend seemed to whisper to her, "It is some liend seemed to whisper to ner, "It is also the pivot on which your soul will be burnt in hell for the sin into which Mr. Webster will have driven you." But she choked back the thought, and with a violent effort pushed it right out of her heart.

"I will do as you like," she said, with a gasp,—"will stay here or go to town."
"That's sensible."
"Perhaps I might make one of the bedrooms into a little studio," she added, "and do some solution."

do some painting."
"I don't see the good of it," he answered, after a moment's reflection. "It's only waste of time, it is not as if you would ever earn any money at it; and as for decorating the any money at it; and as for decorating the place, we can buy anything we want in that way cheaper and far better than you can do it. Phillips is coming down with me for a couple of days on Saturday, we shall arrive by the 2-30 train. You might get for dinner some boiled cod or any write fish, a bit of sirioin, and a jam tart, and mind there's and there's and the contract of the fish. sirion, and a jam tark, and mind there's an ethory sauce with the fish. I don't care about your—what do you call it?"—bollandaise. By the way, it would be a good thing if you made Jane take up the duing-room carpet between this and then, and turn it the other between this and then, and turn it the other hands are the same and the same are th way round. You have nothing to do all the week, and can see to it."

Dickson Warner pulled up suddenly in Ox-

were, he said, shit nothing her and. I have not seen you since your marriage."

"No," she echoed, "not since my marriage." He knew her well, and the tone of her voice told him in a moment that all was not right. "I am staying alone at Broadstairs," she said, "but I slippel up for the without any one knowing. He looked at her curiously, then he said in

"I never understood why you did it or what I did to make you change toward me but no matter what it was, let us try to be friends. Couldn't we walk a little way toward the park and talk over old times?"

So they walked on, and in a quarter of an So they walked on, and in a quarter of an hour she hated her life more than ever and dreaded going back to it. At first they only talked of pictures and books and the old set, of cheap wanderings in Normandy and flying visits to Paris, of climbing to the gallery of the opera on a Lohengrin night or sitting in the orchestra at a Richter concert. He told her of the picture that Brownrigg was paint-ing and the book that Martin had written, and how Halliday had married and set up in a cheap flat near the Edgware Road Station. and gave little Sunday suppers and what fun

Dickson—" but she choked down her thoughts: they were treason to Mr. Webster, and she was a loyal woman and meant to make the best of thines.

"I want some more bread and butter, please," Gilbert said.

"Yes, dear. Couldn't you say 'please, mother?" she asked, thinking perhaps that an element of maternity in her life might between the for other disappointments.

winds and told him about Mr. Webster, and betrayed the bitterness and disappointment in her heart. He understood perfectly, "There's no being more awful in the world," he said, "than your fairly prosper-ous humdrum British middle-class husband. He ought to be left to become the prey of the average domestic woman." "And I shall never be that,"

"You were intended for something better," and his arm stole round her. Nobody could see them, for it was a deserted corner of the see them, for it was a deserted corner of the Park, There are one or two left; they are very convenient, "I believe I love you better than ever," he added desperately. She covered her face with her hands. It was a terrible joy to think it; she hated herself for having heard him, and thanked Heaven that she

"And we were meant for each other," he went on. "Why did we both play the fool? The result is, that I shall kick about the world and probably come to grief somehow, and you will go and ent out your heart in the Adelaide Bond or at Broadstairs.

He drew her a little nearer to him, and she had no strength to resist. "I feel as if I could never go back," she answered chokingly.
"That means going to the devil," he said

gently.

She nestled up a little closer; hereyes filled, but she could not speak.
"I don't believe you care if it does," he

"No. I don't," she whispered back. So he kissed her tears away, and took her there. She found it more amusing than Mr. Webster.—Lucy Clifford, in the Pall Mall

A STEADY JOB.



What doth the baseball catcher catch When winter's chill is here?



He catches Brodie as he jumps

Fashion Details.

"Who's got the button?" is a question Dame Fashion asks of her followers just now. There is no doubting the fact that buttons, of all sizes, varieties, and especially prices, are to be the vogue this winter after being mummifled for years.

Hooks and eves will yet blay an important Hooks and eyes will yet play an important part, for these buttons are meant to adorn, not to use. No top coat but has its huge buttons, which may be used, if preferable, and tons, which may be used, if preferable, and no tailor gown, is without its array. Cloth plays no part in their makes up for metal is securely fustened on the under side.

mother-o-peari figures on them. Some de-signed for sportswomen have a spiendid bloodhound's head, with a whip in its mouth as the cut figure, which stands out in artistic relief from its dark background. These are relief from its dark background. These are \$\int 1.00\$ apiece. Others designed for a cut velvet Louis XVI dinner coat that is to have revers of point lace, are exquisite miniature set in rhinestones. The heads were those of Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, the little Princess and of Louis XV Mme du Barry was there and Mme. Pompadour, also Charlotte Corday and Jeanne d'Arc. These articles range anywhere from 50 cents to \$8\$ apiece.

Turkish buttons—three inches in circum ference, of dull silver, are studded with blue stones and brilliant wheels of gold, set with "Good heavens, is it you? I suppose I mitation amethysts and emeralds. These last are \$10 a dozen. One of the handsomest at him with an expression on her face that she could not hide. "I wondered where you were," he said, still holding her hand. "I

evening.

Their variety is infinite, but one must own a few to be in the mode this season.

Silk petticoals, flimsily made and unlined, may once have been pretty, but to the maiden

a few to be in the mode un.

Slik petiticoals, filmsily made and unmay once have been pretty, but to the maiden up-to-date they present no attractiveness, because they are weighed in the balance and found wanting in utility. They wear out rapidly and add not a whit to the stand out effect the skirt must now have.

The new petiticoals are made with a taffeta boy is allowed to put them on. Cloth covered buttons are a drinsion. At best the cloth covering wears shably in a few weeks, and it soften difficult to maten such buttons. Bone and gutta percha are good enough for any common suit. Braid binding, even when it is of alpaca, is to be avoided. It wears off early in consplenous places and must be often reput into two large box plaits, as the skirt



material should be done. This gives the flare out from the waist at the back, which is grieviously tending toward bustles. Nevertheless, on a slender person it is distinctly becoming.

Gown-makers do not favor the making of the petitional after the very full manner of the petitional after the very full manner of the skirts, for it interferes awkwardly with one's waiking. Still, the hem must flare considerably to lend countenance to the new dress skirt, and many petitional makers are putting small steels in the hem to produce the enlarged flare so desired by those who are gowned in the extreme. This, also, is grievously tending toward hoopskirts, but as the fashions change, so do our minds, and the new effect is considered very fashionable and pretty.

Bissan, of the men cleras employed in the W. C. T. U. of Australia, has just completed a successful worlds just a just completed a successful worlds lecturing towar during the rais is years. She is now in London, and has given her friends most literasting accounts of her visit to Miss Olive Schreiner. Miss Ackermann sails on the 21th for Boston, and begins a lecturing engagement of 200 nights in the States. During her brief visit to London she is writing a book in reply to Mr. Stead's "If Care to Chengo." It will be published in England and America on January 1 next.

Miss Jessie Ackermann, president of the W. C. T. U. of Australia, has just completed a successful worlds jest now in London, and has given her friends most literasting as passent of 200 nights in the States. During her brief visit to London she is writing a book in reply to Mr. Stead's "If Care to Chengo." It will be sublished in England and America on January 1 next.

Miss Jessie Ackermann, president of the W. C. T. U. of Australia, has just completed a successful world secturing toward has pieces full world secturing toward has pieces in the flare and base and base given her friends most literasting to the first section of her visit to Miss Olive Schreiner.

Miss Ackermann, president and was liver

Never was there a feminine heart that didn't knew it, for they rake every artistic instinct in their souls to devise and satisfy this longing.

Handles of gold and sliver are children of a day that is done. They were cheapty imitated, and smart women put their real ones aside in disgust and took to those of wood.

aside in disgust and took to those of wood.

This set the pace to those who were not modish folk, and fashion whirled from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom.

And now we have umbrelias of finest sfik with handles of wood, on which the artists place many designs. The favorite shapes in handles are long and narrow. One odd variety of newest build is of gnarled imported wood, without a semblance of polish, ending at the top in a grotesque or picturesque bead made of bisque. One is of a little Dutch boy, with a water lily inverted over his head. Another ends in a cross-legged Brownle, and others in red tomatoes, with the lour green leaves at the top.

Those of rough wood, with large cherries sprinkle over the handle are sold, but are not a bit smart in tone.

sprinkle over the handle are sold, but are not a bit smart in tone.

The preferable ones are carved in long slabs that are tipped with silver or twisted in a circle at the end that the owner may alip her hand in to hold it better.

A style that fits the woman in the rough tailor gown is built similarly to a man's cane, having a broad claw of wood or burnt ivory, tipped with silver, placed at right angles to the handle proper the handle proper.

Burnt ivory is very fashionable still, esspecially if mounted with narrow filigree silver bands, and some devices show an eif's
face, carved intaglio into the ivory, surmounted by a cap of silver. Very dressy umbrelias have bandles of plain mother-of-pearl,
fashioned column like; others have a large
amethist or emerald laid into the metal at the
end. But women who dress modestly don't
go in for any of these styles as much as they
do for the rough or scented wood, twisted
and turned and capped charily with silver.

A word as to the care of your umbrella.
Never put it ferruis-downward when wet. If
you can't open it and allow it to dry at its
best, which is the correct method, then place
it handle-downward, so there is no chance for Burnt ivory is very fashionable still, esit handle-downward, so there is no chance for the drippings to remain in the tip and rot the silk. Again, never go out with your umbrella unrolled when not in use. It is a world of saving if the cover is always kept on it, to say nothing of the smarter appearance it makes. JOCELYN DAVIS. MAGAZINE VERSES.

Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day; Better the lowly deed were done, And kept the humble way. The rust will find the sword of fame

The happlest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breas!
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

John Vance Cheney, in Harper's Magazine.

SUITS FOR BOYS.

They Must Withstand the Hardest Kind of Usage.

The seams of boys' clothing should be neatly and strongly finished at the ends and strong linen thread used in their manufac ture. Buttons must especially receive plenty of thread, and those that have to bear a strain should be sewed on over a pin or a match

plays no part in their make-up, for metal is the favorite material.

A shop is offering now for sale some for top coats or walking jackets of covert cloth and cheviot, great ribbed onyx ones with covered mother-o-pearl figures on them. Some designed for sportswomen have a spiendid bloodhound's head, with a whip in its mouth as the cut figure, which stands out in artistic tons should be carefully resewed before the



purchased from a good shop, the most eco-nomical. Among most of these, even some of the best, a prevalent falling is a narrowness of the coat across the chest. The result of this is to make the boy stoop and to injure his breathing power. It would be better to have the coat a triffe too broad than too nar-row. Indeed, in huying coats for growing boys allowance must be made for much fliing out and stretching up during a period o

three or four months,
A sketch is given of two suits for a sever
year-old boy, the first of serge, the secondciotn. Each is suitable for school wear. JUDIO CHOLLEY.

WOMEN OVER THE SEA.

The Queen of Houmania, best known under her pseudonym of "Carmon Sylva," has re-turned to the royal palace of Sinaia, and the event has been hailed with loud expressions of delight by the people of Rucharest. The King is popular with his subjects, and his consort, though less understood, has won their deep affection,

Not long ago the directors of the Bank of England resolved to throw open a number of appointments to women, and instituted a standard of examination which female candidates had to pass. The ladies who reached the necessary level at once received renumer-ative appointments, and the experiment worked so satisfactorily that other ladies were appointed to vacancies, to the consternation, it is said, of the men clerks employed in the

It will be published in England and America on January 1 next.

Mme. Tolsted is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow University at the age of seventeen, was married when she was eighteen and her busband twenty years elder, and her busband twenty years elder, and her busband transfer with years older, and her busband transfer of the United States.

Twenty years elder, and provide the furty-one years of married life, the mother of nine living children, and her busband's petent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task the difficulty of which is increased by the self-invented shorthand in which Count Tolstol sets down his composition.

Metaline Caskets furnished in proportion when desired. It will cost you nother than the desired. It will cost you nother the metals of the desired. It will cost you nother than the desired.

The Dowager Empress of China is much concerned at the Chinese reverses, and the Emperor has reinetantly agreed to the post-ponement of the national celebration of her majesty's sixtisth birthday. An imperial edict has consequently been issued ordering the projected lestivities to be everywhere postponed until a more auspicious moment and instructing the various provincial authorities to forward the money which has been collected to Peking, where it will be devoted to the prosecution of the war against the Japanese. It is estimated that this arrangement will increase the war chest by quite £5,000,000 sterling. The Downger Empress of China is much £5,000,000 sterling.

HINTS FOR A DEBUTANTE

Dinner Table Talk Plays an Important

Part in Social Success. "The first dinner of a debutante is almost as much of an ordeal as her first ball, and a much greater test of her capabilities," remarked a woman of the world who had launched several daughters successfully.

"'Keep on talking,' I used always to tell

my girls, 'even if you have to talk about

nothing. It's better to be thought silly than stupid, and very young girls are bound to be either the one or the other as a rule. It is a fatal mistake to sit speechless at the first few dinners. Hostesses resent a dull-looking guest and avoid asking deal weights a second time if they can help it. It really does not matter what you say. Recete Mother Goose if you like. People rarely listen to you, anyway, and you must practice on somabody.

"Gradualiv the facon de parier will come

way, and you must practice on somework.

"Gradually the facon de parier will come to you and you can cheerfully join in the talk of the day without difficulty; but a habit of silence once acquired, and a reputation for duliness and stiffness once fastened upon a girl, and society votes her heavy and uninteresting, however treaty, accomplished and really well informed she may be. All that may be utilized later on and will come admirably into play after she has acquired the art of talking, but in the beginning anything will do. A well-known novelist has said that by usage only can you attain the art of society talk. Gradually, if you practice the system assiduously, you will be able to talk alone. Your unconscious phrases will become exactly like those of your neighbors. You will then only need to open your mouth, stretch the yocal cords and supply the necessary breath and admirably constructed inansary breath and admirably constructed inan-ities will roll out without effort."

stretch the vocal cords and supply the necessary breath and admirably constructed inanities will roll out without effort."

Culture in the South.

The belief that the South held most of the entiure of the country in the years before the war is still strongly fixed in the minds of the people of that region. One agreeable old gentleman who speaks the soft tongue so curiously inclured with the darkey dialect gravely argued the other day that the language of the older Southern States was a purer English than that now spoken in England. It was the speech of the cavallers, he asserted, handed down in all its old-time eleganes and perfection, untomobed by the demonsibility etymological influences that have affine el the Britons of the inst 201 years and he proceeded to talk about "eyer" and "eyerpet" and "Baltima" in a way which would have made his cavallers miss their sword handles with amazement. New York Tribune.

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11:20, and 11:20 a. m., 12:15, 2:01, 3:15, 4:00 (BinHed), 4:20, 4:20, 5:30, 6:4, 7:20, 10:20, 10:20,
11:20, and 2:25 p. m. on Sunday, 7:20, 2:25, 2:20 9:30,
18:20, 11:20 a. m., 12:15, 1:10, 2:51, 2:15, 4:00 (BinHed), 4:20, 5:40, 6:44, 7:10, 10:20, 10:40, and 11:25
p. 10.
For Fapre's Creek Line, 7:20 a. m. and 4:25 p. m.